

A True Movement is as Proud of Its Enemies as of Its Friends. Socialism is Proud of Its Enemies—the Finest Aggregation of Child-Killers, Woman Despoilers, Oppressors of the Poor and Weak, Conscious Traitors, Hypocrites, Liars and Fakirs to be Found anywhere on the Globe!

Milwaukee, Wis., U. S. A., May 9, 1903.

# SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC HERALD

TEN WEEKS, TEN CENTS.  
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A JOURNAL OF THE COMING CIVILIZATION

ONE YEAR, 50 CENTS.  
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## FREE LAND IS NOT ENOUGH.

Free land is not enough. In earliest days when man, the baby, from the earth's bare breast

new for himself his simple sustenance, then freedom and his efforts were enough.

The world to which a man is born today is a constructed, human, man-built world.

As the first savage needed the free wood, we need the road, the ship, the bridge, the house,

The government, society, the church,—these are the basis of our life today, as much necessities to modern man as was the forest to his ancestor.

To say to the new-born, "Take here your land,"

is primal freedom settle where you will, and work your own salvation in the world,"

is but to put the last come upon the earth

back with the dim forefathers of his race

To climb the race's stairway in one life!

Allied society owes to the young—The new men come to carry on the world—

Account for all the past, the deeds, the keys,

Full access to the riches of the earth. Why? That these new ones may not be compelled,

Each for himself, to do our work again—let each their manhood even with today,

And gain tomorrow sooner. To go on—To start from where we are and go ahead—

That is true progress, true humanity! Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

The other day in St. Paul a Chicago salesman was fined \$100 for selling a quantity of lemon extract adulterated with wood alcohol (a real poison) to the local trade.

But the salesman had a "good" defense. He said, the adulterated stuff wasn't intended for the St. Paul trade at all, but was a CHEAPER grade which his house put up for the negro trade of the south!

The shipping clerk had sent the wrong grade to St. Paul. What would happen to you if you gave people poisoned food? You would be treated as a murderer and tried for that offense. But this player in the commercial game wasn't. He was fined simply for selling the wrong grade of goods to the wrong grade of the human brotherhood.

The police power that is so prompt to pounce upon petty and therefore defenseless offenders pays no attention to this man's own confession that he is selling poison for food, simply because it is intended for poor white trash and people with darker colored skins. Under socialism the world would stand against such attempts to slowly murder portions of the race, but under capitalism it is regarded as business thrift. And the utter carelessness of capitalism is shown in the fact that it is actually willing to injure the class in whose votes it traffics the most. The rich love the poor so much that they'd cheat them out of their very eye-teeth if they weren't glued in.

What becomes of all the old canned goods, do you suppose, that stand round gathering fly specks and the marks of age, without and within, on the grocers shelves? It goes eventually to the little stores in the slummy districts and mining camps and negro and poor white trash sections, there to add gastronomic damnation to the already existing wretchedness. Just see the wonderful economy of capitalism; nothing is wasted! And capitalism said a loud Amen some years ago when Gen. Booth of the Salvation Army devised his plan of organized scavenging in the garbage and refuse heaps of the great cities—for it added another gem to the virtues of capitalist providence, besides lessening the burden of charity for the help of the miserable creatures whom capitalist greed has crowded from the word's feast.

It would be a good idea for the state owned colleges and universities to put their professors through a course of instruction in Socialism so they will not disgrace their institutions by making monkeys of themselves every time they open their mouths on the subject.

Competition simply means increasing damnation for the people. The plains are abandoning it and turning to combination. What does competition do for the worker—it keeps him wages down. The more competition there is for every job the lower the wages. Their necessities force them to underbid each other. It becomes a contest to see who shall starve and live, and who shall starve and die. You have competition open to you, Mr. capitalist, and you are either competing for a life of honorable poverty, or a life of honorable starvation, or a life of honorable death.

One or the other; you cannot dodge, and you ought not do. Which shall it be!

The big convention of the grand lodge of the International Association of Machinists now in session in Milwaukee declared last Tuesday for Socialism. It's coming! The eighth plank in its platform now reads:

"We strongly recommend our members to vote for and support candidates who are in favor of public ownership and control of all the means of production and distribution, to the end that it will not be necessary to humiliate our citizenship in the future with fruitless petitions."

Public ownership of the means of production and distribution is Socialism. We congratulate the machinists.

The present system is for the benefit of the capitalists and against the interests of the workers. The workers have the votes, therefore the anxiety of the capitalist papers to make them believe that the present system brings them prosperity.

What are your brains for if not to use them! Use your head and save your heels is an old saying. If the common people of this country would do a little more thinking on economic subjects, their heels would have less to kick about.

Get over that old foggy notion that it is wrong to think about some things. Your brains were given you to think with. As long as you let others do your thinking for you they will make use of that privilege to keep you filled with wrong ideas for their own personal benefit.

What scientific Socialism can affirm and does affirm with mathematical certainty, is that the current, the trajectory, of human evolution is in the general direction pointed out and foreseen by Socialism, that is to say, in the direction of a continuously and progressively increasing preponderance of the interests and importance of the species over the individual—and, therefore, in the direction of a continuous socialization of the economic life, and with, and in consequence of that, of the juridical, moral and political life.—Prof. Enrico Ferri, in "Socialism and Modern Science."

Gov. Odell of New York has signed the bill making it a crime for labor unions to urge their members not to join the militia—the strike-breaking militia! Just a little taste of what's coming, that is all. How do like it?

The Milwaukee Social Democrats are planning a monster picnic to take place at Schlitz park, July 19, with Eugene V. Debs, the most convincing and wholesome platform speaker in America today, to expound our doctrines and let in the light to the non-Socialists who are attracted to the festival. Excursions are being arranged all over the state and from Chicago. As we write, Secy. W. E. Middleton writes from Madison that that city will send 25 and possibly double that number.

Andy Carnegie is mighty careful to have plenty of "thrift" in his philanthropy. On arriving in Europe the other day he told an interviewer that in his judgment the railroads ought to be government property and that he agreed with the Socialist, Keir Hardie, that this would mean better, cheaper and more extended convenience to the people. The sly old coon, he is perfectly willing some other fellow's graft should be nationalized, so long as no attempt is made to shut off his right to draw fabulous sums in dividends and profits from the steel industry! Nothing slow about Andy!

Mark Hanna feels the rising tide of Socialism, if some of the other lords of production do not. He knows it is a tide that will have no ebb for men like himself who are living on unearned wealth, and he hopes through his civic federation partnership with Gompers to use organized labor to fight Socialism, and when Blatherskite Parry almost kicked his fat in the fire, he rushed into print to try to save it. His love for unionism is very transparent. He is a master politician and Parry is not.

Some medical genius has said: "Put your knuckle in a vise and give it four turns, that's rheumatism. Give it five turns more, that's gout!" As our living is not high, we have never experienced the joys of gout, but suppose the above is a true description of how it feels. The Herald's union secretaries' fund sends Socialist-trade union literature into the unions all over the country and is giving the capitalists twinges of rheumatism so that Hanna, Parry, Payne, Spooner and their ilk are beginning to squirm. Make the fund grow faster, comrades! Change that rheumatism to gout. Give the thing five turns more and you will see Hanna get as gaily as Parry. Quickened the fight—these are the golden moments.

The line at the top of this page this week was suggested by State Committeeman Kerrigan of the Socialist party of Texas. We always welcome such suggestions.

The Machinists Monthly Journal, with a pleasing cover and the look of one of the big magazines about it, is properly eliciting praise from the labor press. But the May number, in honor of the Milwaukee convention, contains an illustrated article, which has one marring feature. It will probably be news to Editor Wilson to know that when he prints the picture of Milwaukee's mayor, he is vaunting a man who in 1886 was an officer in one of the companies called out to "put down" the eight-hour strike in Milwaukee, and who as mayor during the big machinists' strike in Milwaukee had the nerve to appoint one of the factory owners against whom they were striking to a fat position on the board of police commissioners! All are not ROSES that look "pritty," Brother Wilson.

The official labor statistics of Indiana have just been issued, and they show the average daily wage paid by corporations to skilled labor to be \$2.43; unskilled, \$1.33; boys, 71 cents; girls and women, 93 cents. The individual or partnership industries pay girls and women an average of 87 cents. The minimum wage must be left to the imagination. And yet the vast majority of these women doubtless are as respectable as those robbed in purple and fine linen. There must be an awful accounting some day of those who reward virtue with rage, hunger and cold. Let him or her who is tempted to cast a stone at fallen women think of that average wage of 93 cents a day.—New York Sun.

I have tried to think of this question of Socialism as a philosophical question to be reasoned out as one would a mathematical problem, without passion and without undue feeling. For Socialism is

beautiful in this: Its truth and its necessity can be proved as clearly and as logically as a problem in geometry. But, when I see the unnecessary worry and fear and suffering that our present social system makes necessary, the weakening luxury and the crushing poverty; when I see men with the manhood ground out of them and women who possess nothing of womanhood but the sex; when I see children's lives narrowed and crushed and blasted—when I see all this and know that it is all the harvest of our present system of mad competition, I cannot reason in the scientific spirit without feeling and without hope and fear. I cannot drive toward the solution of a question of men's and women's lives in the same spirit that I would solve a problem of dollars and cents and feet and inches. I long for the world-power that burns: that can blast falsehood into nothingness, and can light up truth till its glow falls on all.—Independent Press, Sheridan, Wyo.

At Hot Springs, Ark., the doctors have humco-steers on all the trains going to that country. There are three sets of these steers. The first lot board the trains with you at Chicago. They find out from the conductors who the people are whose destination is Hot Springs. These sharks travel with you to Kansas City and give you a wonderful lot of "information" respecting the methods and ways in Hot Springs. They put you on to all the crooked ways and give you a card and letter of introduction to the doctors who are "all right." At Kansas City you are turned over to another set of these thieves who are "well acquainted" with everybody in Hot Springs, and

they are going right there themselves. They will be pleased to assist you in any way. You land in Hot Springs and the third invoice of thieves takes you in charge. You are never lost sight of until you are landed in the "right" place. All these humco thieves get a commission. And if you want to go to a store or make a purchase you meet with such "accommodating" people who will show you anywhere just "out of courtesy." But every single one gets a commission of from 10 to 25 per cent. on every thing you buy. Every hotel has a capper and the capper gets a regular stipulated rake-off.

This is the town—Hot Springs—where William Pinkerton, the famous detective, was steered up against a hat store when he wished to make a purchase of a new hat and the humco man took down his 25 per cent. commission. Pinkerton said, soon as he might on to the game, which he soon did. "I will take off my hat to the sharks of Hot Springs. Chicago isn't in it!"—The Path Finder.

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Women will be given the ballot in Australia in the choosing of the second Commonwealth parliament.

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The exposure of Stilwell is one of the signs of the times. It shows that organized labor is determined to crush out the brood of fakirs who have so long been delivering it over to its economic and political enemies. It is a gratifying sign. Labor is coming to its own!

The boss bakers of New Jersey have formed a trust.

Executive.—I would appoint you man, but he is too ignorant.

Teacher.—Don't put him on the school board.

## DEFINITIONS OF SOCIALISM.

The collective ownership of the means of production and distribution. A theory of society that advocates a more precise, orderly and harmonious arrangement of the social relations of mankind than that which has hitherto prevailed. (Webster's Dictionary.)

A science of reconstructing society on an entirely new basis, by substituting the principle of association, for that of competition in every branch of human industry. (Worcester's Dictionary.)

A theory that aims to secure the reconstruction of society, increase of wealth, and a more equal distribution of the products of labor and capital (as distinguished from property), and the public collective management of all industries. Its motto is: "Everyone according to his deeds." (Standard Dictionary.)

The term SOCIAL DEMOCRACY is the more precise name for international Socialism and signifies a Socialist society democratically administered.

## ROLL OF HONOR.

### UNION SECRETARIES FUND.

Previously reported	\$299.00
Emil Seidel, Milwaukee	1.00
J. C. Utah	.50
Wm. Baumann, Milwaukee	.50
T. C. City	1.00
Total	\$302.00

### FUND TO LIGHT UP OSHKOSH.

W. H. Leadley, Milwaukee	\$1.00
T. C. City	.10

"It appears that high prices are quite as much the rule in England as in the United States at the present time," says a government bulletin. This is because the class that fixes the price we must pay to live, is an international class, and makes in every penny that it thinks the people will submit to. The entire social question is an international question, and no crafty, jingo call for "patriotism" on the part of interested politicians should deter the people from considering it from the international standpoint.

No, don't be patient. Let the fire of Socialism burn. Make converts. Get non-Socialists out of the way by converting them. This is an immediate duty.

The workers of Oshkosh, Wis., are just as intelligent as workers in other cities and other states, but they have been the victims of bad leadership. The leaders in the labor movement there, most of them, have been doing the work of the capitalists, either secretly for pay,

or innocently, through ignorance of the economic situation. In other towns and cities all over the world the workers have been coming out for Socialism, that is, for emancipation from the competitive wage system. In Oshkosh, these leaders have been at great pains to keep a true understanding of Socialism away from the workers. Parry would have done the same thing if he had been in their places! At last, as we announced last week, the Socialists have broken down the capitalistic wall and actually organized a branch in their midst. This puts a new face on the whole situation, or will, if we back it up properly. Our call last week for a special fund to bombard the Oshkosh workers with literature, touched a responsive chord. We asked for a dime collection, but the first reply we got contained ten of them—Comrade Leadley of Milwaukee being the "offender." No very great sum is required, but every Socialist who is in earnest ought to feel a desire to be in on this undertaking. It isn't the easy places that test our mettle, but the hard ones. Let us take them one after another and clean 'em off the map, so to speak!

Some Socialists at Alameda, Cal., have passed resolutions denouncing Socialists who lecture under the management of capitalist lecture bureaus. They call upon the comrades everywhere to assist them in correcting the evil "so as to keep our speakers free to render the best service of which they are capable without having their field limited by anti-Socialist business arrangements." This is certainly a remarkable proceeding. Why not "decree" that Socialist agitators shall abstain from food so as to lessen their expenses and so reduce their wages!

A Socialist speaker with ability enough to get a place on a regular lecture bureau would not be rendering the movement his best service by making back-room speeches, when he might be doing bigger work.

A monster labor convention assembly will take place in Denver next month. The Western Federation of Miners, the American Labor union and the Hotel and Restaurant employees, three very large Socialist labor bodies, will hold conventions and fill the city with fully 2,000 delegates from all over the west. Addresses are being arranged by Debs, Father McGrady and other big speakers.

## The Constitution Outgrown.

It is strange that we Americans, who are so progressive in other matters, are so conservative in regard to our political institutions. But this seems to have been the tendency from the start, for our United States constitution was made as immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians.

Of course our ruling class is well satisfied with the constitution as it is. It has allowed our profit-making fellow-citizens to go to any extreme, and if they can preserve that antiquated document as the fundamental law of our country, there will be no end to their "enterprise."

That they will try to preserve it, there can be no doubt. Even so insignificant a change as the election of United States senators by direct vote of the people is bitterly opposed by all our "patriotic" class, let alone any real reform, like the abolition of the Senate.

On every occasion, and especially when a labor strike is on, we hear from the judges the solemn declaration, "The labor organizations must not endanger the constitution of our country!" And the capitalist press all over the country and without difference of party, applauds this sentiment as very wise and very patriotic.

But what is this constitution really? Strictly and soberly speaking, it is our political garment—the cloak of our body politic—and nothing else. The labor organizations, on the other hand, are the natural element of our organic development—just like all other industrial institutions.

Now let us suppose a Federal judge should say to his son: "My boy, you must not grow so tall, or so broad-shouldered, for if you do, you will surely endanger your clothes." This would of course be considered nonsensical, since the boy cannot help growing, no matter what happens to his garments; yet this advice would be in truth as sensible as the judges' admonition to labor organizations.

And how we have grown in our short national career! When the constitution was framed and adopted, this nation was an infant in the cradle. Is it then good sense to expect that a garment which fitted us in swaddling clothes will still serve us when we have grown to manhood?

As a plain matter of fact, a considerable rent was made in this political garment, the constitution, some time ago, by our civil war, but this is ignored by the capitalist judges and our capitalist press.

But just let us stop and reflect a little. The framers of our constitution, no matter how wise they were, could not possibly have guessed what tremendous changes a century would bring about, socially and economically. And as we all know, they did NOT guess.

No one of them imagined that fruit grown in California would be sent to New York to be eaten during the same week; that cattle raised in Texas would be turned into meat in Chicago and consumed in Maine. The ablest mind living a hundred years ago could not possibly have conceived that a citizen sitting in his office in Boston would be able to converse, aye, actually to talk with his partner at that moment sitting in what is now Chicago. These economic and social changes have made us what we now are. They are the impelling energies that compel us to grow. AND WE GIVE OUR RULING CLASS FAIR WARNING THAT THE POLITICAL GARMENT—THE CONSTITUTION—WILL HAVE SOMEHOW TO ADJUST ITSELF TO THE NEW GROWN BODY, OR IT WILL BE TORN TO PIECES AND DISCARDED ENTIRELY IN THE VERY NEAR FUTURE.

It is the duty of the Socialists to train and educate the present generation in such a manner as to spare our people unnecessary and painful experiments and to make them ripe politically for the changes that are made imperative by our rapid economic development.

Victor L. Berger.

It has been figured out, according to the latest government census figures, that the working class of this country gets only about 15 per cent of the wealth it produces. So that 85 per cent goes to the relatively non-productive capitalist class, enabling it to occupy fine mansions on the finest avenues, travel all over the world, buy castles abroad, have private yachts and automobiles, and buy worship from the deposed class by tossing out a few crumbs in the way of charity.

Individual enterprise is bound to end sooner or later in monopoly. The business man who plays the game best gets the upper hand—has a monopoly for the sort of gumption needed for just the circumstances and conditions of that particular business battle. The first law of business is to get the upper hand of others. It's too late in the day, business foxiness has been too far developed under the lash of necessity, to make a fair field possible to-day. You cannot reach all the special privileges that make some men successful and others failures. You cannot put a limit on brains and cunning. Socialists advocate a system that will make it possible for all to prosper without doing so at the expense of someone else.

The Single Tax edition that we issued some weeks ago filled a positive want. The edition was soon exhausted, as well as a subsequent one, when the plates were melted up. The orders still come in, however, and we have decided to republish the articles. The new Single Tax issue will appear May 23, week after next. This ought to give everyone a chance to get their orders in. A bundle of fifty for a half dollar, ten for a dime.

At one time Great Britain and the United States had a dispute about what is now the northern part of Maine. England sent out Lord Ashburton to settle the question. The noble lord got drunk on champagne at the expense of the American nation and signed the Ashburton treaty, giving the territory to the jolly good fellows who put up the drinks. And the people living in that neck of the woods were expected to be loyal to the United States. If his lordship had not looked on the wine cup they might have been expected to be loyal to Canada. So you see a case or two of champagne settled the opinions of the inhabitants of Northern Maine, and they didn't have the fun of drinking it themselves.

Alsace Lorraine once belonged to France, and the people were expected to love the French Emperor and their country, France. Then France and Germany fought and Alsace Lorraine was now expected to love the German Emperor and their country, Germany. The result is that many of them, like Thomas Paine, claim that "The world is my country." To what then does loyalty apply? Is it to judges, law-makers, conquerors, autocrats, to a piece of land, a flag, or a race of people?

Executive.—I would appoint you man, but he is too ignorant.

Teacher.—Don't put him on the school board.

## THE INDICTMENT OF CAPITALISM.

We seek justice and find injustice. We seek free labor and attack wage slavery.

We seek the prosperity of all and struggle against misery.

We seek the education of all and fight ignorance and barbarism.

We seek peace and order and combat the murder of people, the class war and social anarchy.

We seek the Socialist people's state and attack the despotic class state.

Whoever desires these things and struggles for them, let him unite with us and work with all his strength for our cause—for the cause of Socialism, for the cause of humanity, whose victory will soon be gained.—Wilhelm Liebknecht.

The official labor statistics of Indiana have just been issued, and they show the average daily wage paid by corporations to skilled labor to be \$2.43; unskilled, \$1.33; boys, 71 cents; girls and women, 93 cents. The individual or partnership industries pay girls and women an average of 87 cents. The minimum wage must be left to the imagination. And yet the vast majority of these women doubtless are as respectable as those robbed in purple and fine linen. There must be an awful accounting some day of those who reward virtue with rage, hunger and cold. Let him or her who is tempted to cast a stone at fallen women think of that average wage of 93 cents a day.—New York Sun.

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## A LABOR SPY UNMASKED. — A Slippery Parasite, Recommended by Hearst, Brought to Book in New York.

We are privileged to print, simultaneously with the Worker of New York and other progressive papers, the facts about an exposure of a notorious labor union detective, back of whom peers the meddlesome face of W. R. Hearst. The fakir in question is known as Charles J. Stilwell, editor of the Weekly Bulletin, a paper which he forced on the United Journeymen Tailors' Union of Greater New York, a union that it has now taken the leading part in tearing off his mask and disclosing his miserable visage to the scorn and contempt of honest, serious men. This slick and slippery friend of organized labor had been running his paper some time when it was discovered that he was leading a double life—one as a labor editor

and the other as the head of a detective agency at 34 Park Row, in New York city! Then he was harried out of the union and all connection with his paper withdrawn, a committee being appointed to investigate into the doings. True to his breed he met the committee gladly—and tried to invite them to a swell banquet! Failing in this he veered to the other extreme and set detectives to dog the steps of the union officers and otherwise annoy them. Meantime more was being learned about him!

In the issue of the New York Times of March 14, ult., appeared the announcement of the formation of a "Merchant Tailors' National Protective Association," whose object was to give the merchant tailor

of the country the same standing relative to dealing with the labor question, that the Journeymen Tailors' Union gives to the employees. Headquarters were established at 241 Fifth avenue, New York. And among the national officers of the labor crushing organization appeared this name: "Charles J. Stilwell, secretary and commissioner, Bensonhurst, Brooklyn, New York." It was the same old Stilwell! A circular issued by Stilwell laid bare the vicious purpose of the organization. Meantime Stilwell carried a strong letter of recommendation in his pocket from Hearst and was believed to report some of his movements to the millionaire publisher. The Weekly Bulletin has lately installed a new

editor in Stilwell's place, but he also comes from one of Hearst's papers, raising the belief that Hearst has a scheme on for controlling the labor press in the interests of his class and his political ambitions.

The Journeymen Tailors of New York are now having a circular printed to be sent as a warning to the labor bodies round the country. "Be careful and watch," they urge, "Stilwell has proved himself a shrewd and unscrupulous man."

Stilwell's circular above referred to acquaints employing tailors with the plans and demands of unionism for better conditions for the journeymen and then sets forth the advantages of an employers' nation co-operating body. Among these are the following points:

"Unanimous support and assistance in the event of labor trouble in any form;"

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# THE PROSPERITY MAKERS; OR THE TRAGEDY OF A MUSHROOM TOWN.

BY A WELLKNOWN AUTHOR (NAME WITHHELD).

The Building of an American Boom Town is typical of capitalist enterprise and daring. Sometimes the builders "make good," and sometimes they don't, and many go down in the crash.

(COPYRIGHTED.)

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.—Two capitalist adventurers, Mr. Jenkins Fench, a professional boomer, and an attorney named Sharpless, quietly secure a large tract of land at Allacoochee, Ala., on the river side of John's mountain, which is full of iron and coal. The land really belongs to a moonshiner named Kigrou, who fled this country, and was bought of one Cates, who claimed to have bought it from the moonshiner. To clear the title the lawyers resorted to a forced deed. Fragments of a story are brought into the story as a back story. Allacoochee is built on the site of a small town, and the Allacoochee Land, Manufacturing and Improvement Company, begins to build a town on the site. Meanwhile, Philip Thorndyke, a young New Yorker, breaks down in health and starts for the rest of his life in the healthful air of Alabama.

CHAPTER IV.—In which the Moonshiner returns and there is temporary consternation.

Mr. Jenkins Fench sat in his private office in the new building of the Allacoochee Land, Manufacturing and Improvement company, giving audience to prospective investors as they were admitted one at a time by the clerk in the outer room. In the beginning, the manager had played a somewhat leisurely second to Lawyer Sharpless' lead, all traces of inertia vanished with the breaking of ground for the new city, and Mr. Fench became for the time an incarnation of enthusiasm and restless activity. Allacoochee and its advantages were described the rim of his horizon; the rest of the world was a mere tale to the comet of which this latest luminary in the urban galaxy was the head.

And evidence was not wanting that no inconsiderable portion of the world of investment stood ready to take Allacoochee at Mr. Fench's appraisal. From morning till night the outer office was crowded with buyers; and the rocket-like flight of prices seemed only to add to the eager anxiety of those who waited their turn to get speech with the busy manager. It is true that Mr. Fench left nothing undone to fan the flame of enthusiasm, and it is equally certain that some of his methods were rather more enterprising than honorable; but no one stopped to analyze the reaping process while the golden harvest was so plentiful, and Mr. Fench's little ruses were accepted and credited by scores of people who in the ordinary walks of life were neither knaves nor fools.

"Lot 22, Block 16"—an elderly gentleman whose portly figure and benignant smile were best known to frequenters of the Chicago board of trade had just been admitted to the presence—"Yes, sir; that's one of the finest locations in the city. Sold the lot next to it yesterday to the Morion. Cold Storage company, and they've got 40 men working on the foundations for their building now. No matter what you pay for it today, the value will double within a week; it's bound to. Why—the present price, did you ask? Fifteen thousand dollars; and if you stay here till the day after tomorrow you'll say it's the best bargain you ever had."

"But, my dear sir—\$15,000! Why, that is a Chicago price—and for a devilish good locality at that!" Mr. Fench suddenly changed his tactics. "I know, Mr. Brentwood, to a man who hasn't had time to take in the details of the situation it must seem as if we'd all gone stark crazy down here. If I could afford to do it, I'd hold that piece of property till you could look around and see for yourself; I know how the thing looks—" there was an impatient ring at the telephone—"Excuse me just a minute. Hello! well, hello! Who is that? What? Stanley? All right; what is it? About what lot? Oh, you mean the one next to the Morion company? Why—there's a gentleman here now figuring on that. What's that? Stand a little closer to the phone—now then, what was it you said? The price? Fifteen thousand. You say you will give fifteen five—I can't take it till the gentleman refuses. I'll call you up in a little later. Good-by."

Fench rung off and resumed his seat at the desk. "You see how it goes, Mr. Brentwood; that fellow will be down here inside of 20 minutes and raise his own bid. How would you like to look at some of this residence property on Arlington terrace?"

Mr. Brentwood thought he should prefer something in the business district; in fact, that Lot 22, Block 16, was precisely what he wanted. He had no means of knowing that the telephone was a dummy, rung at the critical point by the interview by the pressure of Mr. Fench's foot upon a convenient button in the floor beneath the desk. Nor did it occur to him at the time that the one-sided conversation at the instrument was peculiarly opportune. For the moment the Chicago broker, like a goodly number of those who were permitted to breathe the speculative atmosphere at Mr. Fench's private office, took leave of the calm good sense which made him respected among his business associates in Chicago. He swallowed the bait innocently, believed all he saw and heard, and refused to be diverted until he had prevailed upon the reluctant Mr. Fench to accept a round sum to bind the bargain on the coveted piece of property.

As Brentwood left the office by one door, Sharpless entered by another and sat down in the chair lately occupied by the last visitor.

"Shut off that hungry crowd for a few minutes, Fench, and I'll go over these papers with you," he said.

Fench touched the electric button on his desk, and when the clerk answered the bell he gave the order to admit no one till further notice. "Now, then, I'm ready for you."

"Well, about this Woodmenware company; they're all right. They'll bring their own operatives, and they agree to build tenements on the block next to their factory, selling them to their men on the installment plan. The sawmill people you know about. They'll take Town company's stock and pay for it half cash and half lumber. This fire-brick fellow wants to know if we own the furnace and rolling mill plants; and if we'll agree to give him a monopoly on the brick needed by us. I told him we would, if he would take Block 8 at our figures, paying half cash; brick to be taken on same basis and to be furnished when ordered."

"That's a good, careful provision," Fench broke in, "especially as the mortar isn't dry on the first set of linings yet. Go on."

"Then here's Edgeley, the cut-throat man. I've been having the devil's own time with him. He sent a man down here to look over the situation, and I've had a dozen interviews with him. First he made me go to the courthouse and overhaul the records. Then he wanted to see the deeds. I tried to switch him off of the Cates tract to a location farther down the river, but he wouldn't have that. I wouldn't fool with him a minute if I wasn't sure that Edgeley has plenty of money."

"Wanted to see the deeds, did he?" said Fench, thoughtfully. "D'you know, Sharpless, I've been sorry a dozen times you burned that deed. It would have been as good as any to show; and I've wanted it 20 times if I have once."

"But you've got Cates' deed to us."

"I thought I had, but I haven't."

"What have you done with it?"

"I don't think I've ever had it. The last I remember of it was that night when you put it in your pocket and said you'd have it recorded with the other."

"Look in your safe," said Sharpless, "and I'll go through my papers."

He was back in ten minutes without the missing document. "Did you find it?" he asked.

"No."

"Then it's gone."

"Well, it doesn't matter much, except, as I say, they'd be handy to show. They're both recorded."

"Yes, they're recorded all right, but"

"Sharpless paused and knitted his brows at the small hissing figure holding the matches on Fench's desk."

"But what?"

"Have you heard the talk about Kigrou?"

"Who, the dead man? No; what about him?"

"They say he isn't dead—that he's been seen on the mountain; comes and perches himself up on that crag they call Eagle Cliff to watch the improvements they're making on his farm."

"The devil you say!" Mr. Fench came out of his chair with a jerk and began to walk the floor nervously. The cooler-headed lawyer smiled and waited. Fench tramped himself into a perspiration, and then sat down again with a groan.

"We're done up, Sharpless—done up all right and clean. That man can send us both over the road whenever he gets good and ready."

The attorney seemed to be enjoying the discomfiture of the manager. The incident threw a sidelight on Fench's character that was instructive; it exposed the shoddy warp that was usually hidden under the wool of impudence. Sharpless knew then that if there were any fighting to be done he would have to do it himself, and there was a contemptuous emphasis in his reply:

"That's as you like. Hell fight for what he gets. I can tell you that; only I wish we had that deed."

Fench was a quivering oath, which was, nevertheless, broad enough to cover the whole transaction and every one connected with it. "I don't see how that could make any difference. I tell you, we're done up, Sharpless."

"It will make just this difference—if we had that deed with Cates' signature we might stand some chance of pleading as innocent purchasers, and Cates would make a first-class scapegoat. As it is, there are some people who might be mean enough to hint that we made our title out of whole cloth. However, that's all beside the mark. This old fellow must be at least 65 or 70; he's an outlaw, and he's only one ignorant man against the whole syndicate. If we can't hold our own we deserve to go to the wall."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"Run him out of the country again, if I can; get somebody to give him a hint that Uncle Sam's men would like to interview him."

"Plenty of people among the natives, but I think he can be reached quickest through the old Scotchman up on the Little Chisawsee—what's his name?"

Sharpless rose to go back to his own room, and Fench called to him as he reached the door:

"Say, Sharpless, you know I never would have touched this damned thing with a ten-foot pole if you hadn't made me believe the man was dead. Now you've got to stand by him; are you sure you burned that—did we make?"

"Sure you didn't make a mistake and burn the wrong one?"

The lawyer glanced back at his subject fellow conspirator with a frown of impudence. "Fench, you make me tired. Do you suppose I'd be fool enough to take any chances?"

By what means the attorney carried out his threat of intimidation no one but these most nearly concerned knew, but there was no more talk of the sentinel on Eagle Cliff and the gossip of the town were much too busy fighting for the crumbs which fell from the speculators' table to make more than a passing mention of the old moonshiner's second disappearance.

CHAPTER V.—In which Philip Thorndyke makes the acquaintance of Mr. Jenkins Fench.

The train on the Chisawsee Valley extension lurched uneasily round the curves in the new track of the branch line, leaving a trail of sooty smoke hanging in the foliage on the mountain side and stippling the pools in the river with showers of cinders from the engine where the railway embankment skirted the stream. The afternoon sun had dropped behind the summit of John's mountain, but his oblique rays still poured into the valley through occasional gaps in the ridge, projecting grotesquely lengthened shadows of the moving train half way across to the western slope of Jugal mountain. A cool breeze, fragrant with the breath of wild honeysuckle and spicy with the resinous smell of old-field pines, blew in at the open windows of the car; and

Thorndyke, lying back in his seat with half-closed eyes, tried once more to set in their proper order the events of the last few days in New York. There was no particular reason why they should be assorted and labeled, save one; the memory of them seemed to be slipping away from him. There were times when he could not be sure that he had signed his will; when he could not remember what he had said to his mother at parting. And as for that pathetic little scene in the dimly-lighted drawing-room at the Morrisons', it might have happened ten years before. He asked himself if it were possible that it was only two days since he had choked in trying to say good-by to Helen.

It was beyond belief; the miles of distance had somehow become transmuted into years of time, and the memory of that evening, only two evenings ago, was already beginning to fade. Was it only because the change of scene and of environment pushed the things of yesterday aside to make room for newer impressions, or did the reason lie in the grim fact of irreversibility? Thorndyke pursued these reflections so far into the field of abstractions that the man in the next seat spoke twice before he got an answer.

"I beg your pardon," Philip said, coming back to actualities with a reluctant effort. "What did you say?"

"I asked if you were going up to Allacoochee," said the voice.

It was an unpleasant voice, reminding one of the buzzing of bluebottles or of other annoying insects. Thorndyke looked around, and saw a wiry little man with keen eyes, a thin black-like nose, and a thin black side whisker, and a straggling mustache drooped in an evident but unsuccessful attempt to cover the faulty teeth. Forseeing tedium in the face, he answered vaguely:

"Yes; I believe my ticket reads to that point."

The human fly was not to be silenced by any such mild discouragement. "I supposed so," he buzzed. "My name is Fench—Jenkins Fench—handling Thorndyke a card which generously ungrammatically advertised the Allacoochee Land, Manufacturing and Improvement company, Guaranty building, 422 Broadway. 'Drop around to my office when you get settled, and I'll give you some pointers that'll put you right in on the ground floor. What name did I understand you to say?'"

"I didn't say," contradicted Philip, meekly, passing his hand across to the nose of his business.

"Ah, Thorndyke; glad to know you, Mr. Thorndyke. As I was saying, if you'll come around—"

"I have no idea of investing in Allacoochee," Mr. Thorndyke interrupted, hoping to escape. "I'm in Alabama for my health, and I don't expect to stay in town very long."

"Oh, yes; for your health, eh?—consumption, I suppose. Well, well; in life we're in the midst of death, and no man knows the day or hour."

Mr. Fench seemed confused for the moment, but he rallied immediately and went on with increasing zeal.

"In that case, Mr. Thorndyke, what better legacy could a man leave his folks than a few solid investments in our promising young city? Why, my dear sir, as a stranger, you can have no idea of the vast and wonderful resources of this marvelous region—absolutely no idea at all. And Allacoochee is the natural center for the whole country—the point where all the industries within a radius of 500 miles are bound to cluster. Just run your eye over this map; look at that for a location! This part that's platted off is as level as a

floor, and here's the railroad running straight through the middle of it—he was leaning over the back of the seat now, holding the map spread out before his unwillful listener—"plenty of room for sidetracks over here, you see, and for the shops that the road's going to build. Then here are the spurs down to the rolling mill and the furnace on the bank of the river; this one goes up to the coal mines and the iron mines across the Little Chisawsee. This piece of ground's reserved for a woolen mill, and that strip down there by the river is taken for a sawing factory—baby swings, you know—a sawmill, a planing mill, a sash and door factory, a—"

Philip made two or three wild passes at his human bluebottle, succeeding finally in interrupting with a promise to call upon Mr. Fench at his office and pleading weariness as an excuse for not investigating the subject on the spot. Fench folded his map and rested his case with the promise; but he kept up a running fire of encomiums on the new south and Allacoochee, which the effort at postponement had only changed from particulars to generalities, while Philip leaned back in the corner of the seat and gave himself up to an ecstasy of loathing. While the endless tale of prosperity continued the light went out of the sky, and it was quite dark when the brakeman thrust his face into the car to call "Allacoochee!"

Thorndyke gathered up his belongings with a sigh of relief and presently found himself standing under the glare of an electric lamp on the station platform, trying to hazard a guess at the best hotel in the place as the names were shouted out by the knot of yelling

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"Here you are for the Allacoochee

house!"

"Shut 'em up, nigger!—yess, mah, right hyah, mah; 'bout fo' de Hotel Johannsburg."

Notwithstanding the poet's doubting question, there is always more or less in a name; and the Hotel Johannsburg gained a great that night upon no better grounds than that the word awoke pleasant memories in the mind of a man who knew Europe rather better than he did his own country. As the omnibus jounced along over the unpaved streets, Thorndyke amused himself by picturing the probable contrast between the backwoods tavern and its high-sounding appellation. He was rather more than surprised, therefore, when the omnibus stopped in front of a three-story building standing in a park-like inclosure and ablaze with gas and electric lights; and astonishment rose into admiration when a liveried servant ushered him into the magnificent rotunda floored with marble mosaic and wainscoted in quarter-sawn oak. Everything about the place was cosmopolitan and modern, from the convenient telegraph office in the corner to the suave clerk, who might have been a swift importation from the best-appointed hostelry in New York.

"Glad to welcome you to Allacoochee, Mr. Thorndyke," he said, hospitably, when Philip had registered. "We're a little crowded to-night, but I can give you a good room on the second floor, if that will answer."

"I'm not particular, so that it's comfortable," replied Thorndyke, glad to have his forebodings dispelled. "Is supper served?"

"Dinner, if you please," corrected the clerk, affably, summoning a call-boy. "Show Mr. Thorndyke to his room—No. 83." And Philip followed his coffee-colored guide to the elevator with an uncomfortable conviction growing upon him that he had somehow stamped himself as provincial by suggesting supper instead of dinner.

The meal was excellent and well served; and the comfort of his room, after two weary nights in the sleeping car, made Thorndyke a late riser on his first morning in Allacoochee.

Breakfast he went out upon the veranda to give the feeling of appreciative surprise a chance to expand with a wider view. The Hotel Johannsburg was owned by the Town company, and its situation on a slight knoll at the foot of John's mountain had been chosen with a view to the prospect. Standing on the steps of the veranda, Philip saw a background of wooded slopes rising in green harmony to the blue of rugged cliffs at the summit of Jugal mountain; a middle distance of valley where the course of the Chisawsee river was defined by a bed of fleecy mist ruffled into semi-transparency by the warmth of the morning sun; to the left, beyond the narrower strip of mist marking the windings of the Little Chisawsee, the bold forehead of Bull mountain overtopping the town. These were the frame for the picture which human activity was etching into the level area enclosed by the two streams. Long vistas of streets marked by furrows turned at the curb lines; open spaces dotted with the stakes of the surveyor and heaped with piles of brick and lumber; uncounted numbers of half-finished buildings upon which the workmen clustered like swarming bees; the strident drumming of hoisting engines; the strident exhausts of the locomotives in the railway yard; the clang of hammers in a boiler shop—everywhere the sights and sounds of restless industry and impatient progress.

Under such circumstances the generous impulse asserts itself irresistibly. Thorndyke looked about him for a possible sympathizer, and, by a process of natural selection which is as unaccountable as it is inerrant, he pitched upon a young man sitting apart from the various groups on the veranda. Drawing up a chair, he began to unburden himself.

"It beats anything I ever heard of," he said. "What is there behind it all?"

Standing as a target for the gunnery of other people's surprise was no new experience for the man of Philip's selection, and he smiled good-naturedly. "A good many people have asked that question. I can't answer it to my own satisfaction, but others would say the coal and iron; the lack of important manufacturing centers in the south, and the consequent pressing need for one just here, the climate, and a hundred other things besides."

"Are the coal and iron realities?"

"Oh, yes, very much so; this mountain behind the hotel is a vast coal bed, and that one over there—pointing to the cliffs across the Little Chisawsee—"is equally rich in iron of fair quality."

"Then the people are not merely enthusiasts, after all."

"That's as you please to look at it. So far as natural resources go, the place is solid. There is any quantity of building material, marble, sand and limestone, fire clay, timber, coal and iron. If a city may be built upon the mere presence of raw material, Allacoochee is a fact accomplished."

"That implies a doubt; may I ask the reason?"

"Certainly, though I'm not at all sure I can make it plain. All the advantages I have named and a dozen more are here, to be sure, but they've always been here, and it remained for our friends the promoters to find out that they would warrant all this," including the visible part of Allacoochee by a comprehensive gesture. "More than that, the same advantages may be found in plenty of localities in the south, some of them much more accessible than this valley. And then I have an old-fashioned idea that cities can't be created arbitrarily."

They smoked in silence for a little while, and then Thorndyke took a card from his case and handed it to his companion.

"Let me introduce myself," he said. "I just got in last night, and you may be able to tell me what I want to know."

"I am entirely at your service, Mr. Thorndyke."

The reply was prompt and courteous, and Philip read "Robert Protheroe, C. E." on the card which was handed him. "My physician has sent me here," he explained, "and he tells me I must live out of doors. How shall I go about it?"

"How do you want to go about it?" Philip laughed. "I'll have to confess that my plans are a trifle indefinite. I had an idea that perhaps I might go into the woods with the lumbermen or the turpentine gatherers."

"You're still too far north for that; there are no lumber camps or turpentine forests in this part of the state, and if there were, I hardly think the life would be what you want. Your trouble is pulmonary?"

"Yes; pulmonary."

"Protheroe reflected for a moment. 'This country is said to be favorable for consumptives—on better authority than that of our friends of the prospectus, I mean—and if you ask my advice—' He paused and looked inquiringly at Philip."

"Yes; please go on."

"I should say that you might find out what it will do for you by getting board at some farmhouse in the valley. You could put in your time tramping about, and the scenery would give you an object. There is only one difficulty."

"What is that?"

"Farmhouses where you can get anything to eat besides bacon and corn-pone are not plentiful in this part of the country."

Having his recent experience with the railway eating houses before him, Philip chuckled. "I'm willing to rough it," he said, "but I'm not anxious to add dyspepsia to my other ailments. Don't you suppose I could find a place where the hill of fare wouldn't be quite so limited?"

"You'll find very few of them in this mountain region; roughly speaking, there are only two classes of white people—a small minority of well-to-do planters and farmers, and a large majority of poor folk."

(Continued on page 3.)

A Coffin Label.

"The time will come," a sarcastic wag once said, "when a truly good labor man will leave written instructions for his burial in a union label coffin."

The time has really come when such instructions could be carried out.

The strike of the United Casket Coverers and Trimmers, who were secretly organized as a local of District Assembly 220 of Brooklyn, has brought to light the fact that there is a label for union coffins, and if they succeed in their present demands all the large casket manufacturers in New York and vicinity will use this trademark of fair employment, so that every dead enthusiast can rest easy. And the prospect is that the casket coverers will win, for they have the pledged support of the undertakers' association and all so the coach drivers' unions connected with the Knights of Labor. One of the large manufacturers, the Morgan Casket company of Park avenue, Brooklyn, has granted the union demands and arranged to use the label—New York Journal.

New Trade Organization.



**YOU SHOULD SECURE**  
**A Physician in the House!**

YOU CAN HAVE IT, NOT FREE, BUT FOR A  
LITTLE EASY AND PLEASANT WORK.

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**A New Family  
Medical Work**

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BY

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**Dr. J. H. GREER, Chicago.**

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Dr. J. H. GREER, the author, is a practicing physician in Chicago, is Professor of Genito-Urinary Diseases in the College of Medicine and Surgery, Physician-in-Chief to the Harvard Medical Institute, and has written many works of value to the profession and public.



This book is **up-to-date** in every particular.  
It will save you **hundreds of dollars** in doctor's bills.  
It tells you how to **cure yourself** by simple or harmless home remedies.  
It recommends **no poisonous or dangerous drugs**.  
It teaches simple **common sense methods** in accordance with Nature's laws.  
It does not endorse **dangerous experiments** with the surgeon's knife.

It teaches how to cure **health and life** by safe methods.  
It is entirely free from **technical rubbish**.  
It teaches prevention—that it is better to know **how to live and avoid disease** than to take any medicine as a cure.  
It teaches how typhoid and other fevers can be both **prevented and cured**.  
It gives the best known treatment for **La Grippe, Diphtheria, Catarrh, Con-**

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It is not an advertisement and has no medicine to sell.  
It tells you how to live that you may **prolong life**.  
It opposes medical aids of all kinds and makes uncompromising war on vaccination and the use of anti-toxins.  
It has hundreds of excellent recipes for the cure of the various diseases.  
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The chapter on **Painless Midwifery** is a valuable insight into cold to women.

It has a large number of valuable illustrations.  
The "care of children" is something every mother ought to read.  
It teaches the value of **Air, Sunshine and Water** as medicines.  
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It advises people with regard to **marriage**—tells **who should and who should not marry**.  
Those contemplating **marriage** should get this book at once.  
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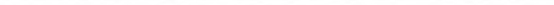
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Social Democratic Herald

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FREDERIC HEATH, Editor.  
Official Paper of the Federated Trades Council of Milwaukee and of the Wisconsin State Federation of Labor.

- What International Socialism Demands:
1. Collective ownership of public utilities and all industries in the hands of Trusts and Combinations.
  2. Democratic management of such collective industry.
  3. Reduction of the hours of labor and progressively increased remuneration.
  4. State and National Insurance for the workers and honorable rest for old age.
  5. The inauguration of public industries to safeguard the workers against lack of employment.
  6. Education of ALL children up to the age of 18 years. No child labor.
  7. Equal political and civil rights for men and women.
- If you believe in the above vote with the Social Democrats.

Entered at Milwaukee Post-office as Second-class Matter, Aug. 20, 1901.

**Bishop Potter and his Soothing Syrup.**  
Bishop Potter, who is in the Hanna-Gompers civic federation labor-fooling scheme, says he believes in unionism, yet unions are often unwisely led, and "have made amazing and colossal blunders," although he does not specify what these colossal blunders are, of course! And then he says: "To classify Americans as laborers and capitalists is foolish and I prophesy destruction of this class caste. An altruistic spirit will in time prevail and will assure peace for the future."

The above is the utterance of a man accounted brainy and worth listening to. Let us give his utterance a little deliberate attention. Men of the Potter stripe like to refer to Social Democrats as dreamers, but if the idea that there can be altruism while the dog-eat-dog profit system is in existence isn't fabricated of the "stuff that dreams are made of," we certainly miss our guess! The bishop thinks that the idea that there is a master class and a dependent class in this country is foolish, yet even capitalistic newspapers, in the light of the disclosures of the recent government census, admit that the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer. And who are the poor, forsooth? Why, the workers, of course. If this doesn't mean classes, what, in pity's name, does it mean?

The bishop doesn't say it, but he implies that capital and labor are in partnership and that each gets its share of the product of the world's industry. The fact is, however, that the interests of capital and labor are not identical, but that capitalism can only thrive at the expense of labor. Everything that is wonderful in our present civilization has not been paid for by labor. Labor has paid for it, BUT DOES NOT OWN IT!

What the bishop wants us to believe is that capitalism gets its profits out of the air, instead of out of the workers and that there is no relation between the two great modern economic facts, attested to by government statistics: That a mere 1 per cent of the people of this country own over half of the wealth in the country, and that of the other 99 per cent a large fraction make up a class that is relatively possessionsless.

Socialists hold that the many must be poor if the few are to be rich (as rich as Bishop Potter and richer), and that the fact of the possession of riches under the operation of profit, interest and rent, makes it inevitable that the working class must yield up more and more of the wealth its industry calls into being.

If some players get up from a poker game as winners, it is a moral certainty that some of the others have lost. If the game continued, would the bishop expect to equalize the feelings of the players by preaching altruism?

Capitalism will continue to exact its increase, and that increase will come out of the people who are the producers. This state of things constitutes a gigantic swindle, a monster social injustice. The bishop may be a good spiritual shepherd, but in this instance he is trying to hold the sheep while capitalism denudes them of their wool. He might be in better business!

SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC HERALD—BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

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STILL HOAXING THE WORKERS WITH JUGGLED FIGURES.

How Carroll D. Wright Serves the Capitalists' Interest.



Mr. Wright.—"You see! You are getting better off every day!"  
Puzzled Wage Worker.—"I'll be jiggered! I never would have known it!"

(In the Boyce's Weekly article Mr. Wright asserts that the wages of Carpenters, for instance, in 1860 were \$2.00 a day, increasing to \$3.45 in 1901 (or \$20.70 a week). The government census exposes him, however. It shows that even in the period between 1890 and 1900 the average carpenter's wages DECLINED 12 per cent. False in one thing, false in all!)

THE CLASS STRUGGLE.

In his address before the annual meeting of the National Association of Manufacturers at New Orleans President D. M. Parry of Indianapolis, Ind., jumped upon organized labor. He declared that the labor union is an un-American institution. Organized labor knows but one law, that of physical force, the laws of the Illinois and vandals, the laws of the savage. "Organized labor," he continued, "does not place its reliance upon reason and justice. It is in all essentials a mob power, knowing no master but its own will. It becomes a menace to the conditions of free government. It is a despotism in the midst of liberty loving people. Its history is stained with blood and ruin. Wrongs committed by it cry to heaven."

Mr. Parry acted by ignorance or malice? In either event he seems to be spilling for a light. He may get it.

The old wage scale between the Illinois miners and operators of nearly twenty states expired March 31. The 1902 agreement will continue in several western and southern states until June or July. In Illinois, Ohio, Iowa, Kentucky, Pennsylvania and other states where the miners and operators have agreed the new scale is in force.

A few figures compiled by Secretary Wilson show that the bituminous miners as a result of the national and state conventions will this year receive an aggregate increase of \$19,457,000 in wages over last year.

The Massachusetts state conference of bricklayers, held at Lawrence, with delegates from thirty unions present, declared in favor of the affiliation of the International Bricklayers and Masons' union with the American Federation of Labor.

The editor of the bricklayers' official organ, commenting on the progressive action of the Massachusetts state body, writes: "The friends of affiliation are much encouraged by the action taken upon this subject at the recent meeting of our leading state conference. Our Massachusetts unions are to be congratulated upon the good sense displayed by their conference, and their representatives deserve credit for having given the affiliation proposition an early and disinterested hearing."

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What We Social Democrats Are After.

(Adopted by the Socialist Party in National Convention at Indianapolis, Ind., July 31, 1901.)

The Socialist party, in national convention assembled, reaffirms its adherence to the principles of International Socialism, and declares its aim to be the organization of the working class, and those in sympathy with it, into a political party, with the object of conquering the powers of government and using them for the purpose of transforming the present system of private ownership of the means of production and distribution into collective ownership by the entire people.

Formerly the tools of production were simple and owned by the individual worker. Today the machine, which is but an improved and more developed tool of production, is owned by the capitalists and not by the workers. This ownership enables the capitalists to control the product and keep the workers dependent upon them.

Private ownership of the means of production and distribution is responsible for the ever-increasing uncertainty of livelihood and the poverty and misery of the working class, and it divides society into two hostile classes—the capitalists and the wage-workers. The once powerful middle class is rapidly disappearing in the mill of competition. The struggle is now between the capitalist class and the working class. The possession of the means of livelihood gives to the capitalists the control of the government, the press, the pulpit and the schools, and enables them to reduce the workingmen to a state of intellectual, physical and social inferiority, political subservience and virtual slavery.

The economic interests of the capitalist class dominate our entire social system; the lives of the working class are recklessly sacrificed for profit, wars are fomented between nations, indiscriminate slaughter is encouraged and the destruction of whole races is sanctioned in order that the capitalists may extend their commercial dominion abroad and enhance their supremacy at home.

But the same economic causes which developed capitalism are leading to Socialism, which will abolish both the capitalist class and the class of wage-workers. And the active force in bringing about this new and higher order of society is the working class. All other classes, despite their apparent or actual conflicts, are alike interested in the upholding of the system of private ownership of the instruments of wealth production. The Democratic, Republican, the bourgeois public ownership parties, and all other parties which do not stand for the complete overthrow of the capitalist system of production, are alike political representatives of the capitalist class.

The workers can most effectively act as a class in their struggle against the collective powers of capitalism by constituting themselves into a political party, distinct from and opposed to all parties formed by the propertied classes.

While we declare that the development of economic conditions tends to the overthrow of the capitalist system, we recognize that the time and manner of the transition to Socialism also depends upon the stage of development reached by the proletariat. We, therefore, consider it of the utmost importance for the Socialist party to support all active efforts of the working class to better its condition and to elect Socialists to political offices, in order to facilitate the attainment of this end.

As such means we advocate:

1. The collective ownership of all means of transportation and communication and all other public utilities as well as of all industries controlled by monopolies and trusts and combinations. No part of the revenue of such industries to be applied to the reduction of taxes on property of the capitalist class, but to be applied wholly to the increase of wages and shortening of the hours of labor of the employee, to the improvement of the service and diminishing the rates to the consumers.

2. The progressive reduction of the hours of labor and the increase of wages in order to decrease the share of the capitalist and increase the share of the worker in the product of labor.

3. State or national insurance of working people in case of accidents, lack of employment, sickness and want in old age; the funds for this purpose to be furnished by the government and to be administered under the control of the working class.

4. The inauguration of a system of public industries, public credit to be used for that purpose in order that the workers be secured the full product of their labor.

5. The education of all children up to the age of 18 years, and state and municipal aid for books, clothing and food.

6. Equal civil and political rights for men and women.

7. The initiative and referendum, proportional representation and the right of recall of representatives by their constituents.

But in advocating these measures as steps in the overthrow of capitalism and the establishment of the co-operative commonwealth, we warn the working class against the so-called public ownership movements as an attempt of the capitalist class to secure governmental control of public utilities for the purpose of obtaining greater security in the exploitation of other industries and not for the amelioration of the conditions of the working class.

Attitude toward Trade Unions.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted by the national committee of the Socialist party at the annual meeting held in St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 29 to Feb. 1, 1903:

The national committee of the Socialist party in annual session assembled, hereby reaffirms the attitude of the party toward the trade union movement as expressed in the resolution on the subject adopted by the Indianapolis convention of 1901.

We consider the trade union movement and the Socialist movement as inseparable parts of the general labor movement, produced by the same economic forces and tending towards the same goal, and we deem it the duty of each of the two movements to extend its hearty co-operation and support to the other in its special sphere of activity.

But we are also mindful of the fact that each of the two movements has its own special mission to perform in the struggle for the emancipation of labor, that it devotes upon the trade unions to conduct the economic struggles of the working class, that it devotes on the Socialist party to fight the political battles of the working class, and that the interests of labor as a whole will be best served by allowing each of the movements to manage the affairs within its own sphere of activity without active interference by the other.

We also declare that we deem it unwise to invite trade unions as such to be represented in the political conventions of our party.

The Socialist party will continue to give its aid and assistance to the economic struggles of organized labor regardless of the affiliation of the trade unions engaged in the struggle, and will take no sides in any dissensions or strife within the trade union movement. The party will also continue to solicit the sympathy and support of all trade organizations of labor without allowing itself to be made the ally of any one division of the trade union movement as against another.

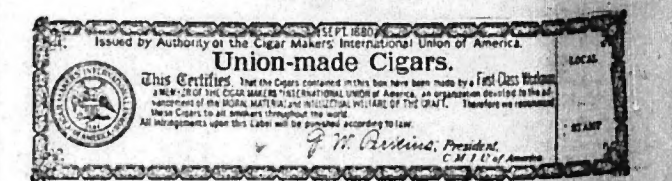
Anti-Fusion Resolutions.

Whereas, the history of the labor movement of the world has conclusively demonstrated that a Socialist party is the only political organization able to adequately and consistently conduct the political struggles of the working class, and whereas, all "radical and reform" parties, including the so-called "Union Labor parties," have, after a brief existence, uniformly succumbed to the influence of the old political parties and have proven disastrous to the ultimate end of the labor movement, and

Whereas, any alliance, direct or indirect, with such parties is dangerous to the political integrity and the very existence of the Socialist party and the Socialist movement, and

Whereas, at the present stage of development of the Socialist movement of this country there is neither necessity nor excuse for such alliance, therefore be it resolved, That the Socialist party, in its political action, shall not ally itself with any party, under any circumstances, use, combine or compromise, with any political party or organization, or refrain from making nominations in order to further the interests of candidates of such parties or organization.

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**The Federated Trades Council of Milwaukee**  
HEADQUARTERS: 318 State Street, SECOND FLOOR.  
The Regular Meetings of the Council are held first and third Wednesdays, at 8 o'clock, at 298 Fourth Street, second floor.  
**OFFICERS.**  
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FREDERICK H. HAY, 614 State St. Com. Sec'y.  
HAROLD H. HAY, 2410 Chambers St. Fin. Sec'y.  
GUSTAV H. HAY, 616 Howard St. Treasurer.  
M. WISSENFELDER, 417 Eleventh St. Sergeant at Arms.  
Business Agent, FRANK J. WEBER, 318 State Street.  
**EXECUTIVE BOARD.**—Ed. J. Berger, Sec'y. 1315 Kneeland Ave.; Herman Hein, James Hansen, Chas. G. Ebert, Al. Dietrich, Wm. Reisch and Emil Borchers. Meetings first and third Wednesdays at 7:30 p. m., at 298 Fourth St.  
**SECTIONS.**—Metal Trade Section meets first and third Mondays, at headquarters. Label Section meets first and third Mondays, at headquarters. Building Trades Section meets first and third Thursdays, at headquarters. Miscellaneous Section meets first and third Thursdays, at headquarters.  
**COMMITTEES.**—Organizing Committee: P. S. Newman, Chairman, 318 State St.; Gustav H. Hay, Sec'y, 616 Howard St.; Victor L. Berger, J. J. Joyce, Frederic Heath, J. Reicher, Chairman, 318 State St.; M. M. Weller, Sec'y, 417 Eleventh St.; S. J. Carey, J. Schwartz.  
**ALWAYS DEMAND THE UNION LABEL!**

**DIRECTORY OF MILWAUKEE UNIONS.**  
Secretaries of unions are urged to help in keeping the following directory corrected up to date.  
**Amalgamated Wood Workers' Union** No. 1—Meets 1st and 3rd Saturday at 25 Chestnut st. Jul. Schnur, Sec'y, 730 7th Ave.  
**Amalgamated Glass Workers' Union** No. 2—Meets 2nd and 4th Friday at 318 State st. Chas. Hempel, Sec'y, 971 10th st.  
**Boilers' Union** No. 205—Meets 2nd and 4th Saturday at 826 Chestnut street. Cap. Hack, Sec'y, 524 Sherman st. 847, 1401 Villet st.  
**Boys' Union** No. 50—Oscar Berner, Sec'y, 1401 Villet st.  
**Butchers' Union** No. 213—Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesday at 602 Chestnut st. Herman Hein, Sec'y, 331 Chestnut st.  
**Butchers' and Waiters' Union** No. 64—Meets 2nd and 4th Friday at 318 State st. J. Kachmeyer, Sec'y, 556 E. Water st.  
**Beer Bottlers' Union** No. 213—Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesday at 602 Chestnut st. Herman Hein, Sec'y, 331 Chestnut st.  
**Union Barber Shops.**  
J. N. BAUER, 885 Kinnickinnic Avenue, opposite South Bay St.  
PHIL C. KAMMERER, 452 Reed St., corner Scott.  
FRED. H. LEIST, 430 Greenfield Ave.  
WM. L. SMITH, 835 Kinnickinnic Avenue.  
JOHN VOLK, 383 First Ave.  
HERMAN BUECH, 875 16th Avenue.  
FRED. THIMMELS, 1401 Villet St., Milwaukee.  
GEO. P. SCHMITT, 450 Eleventh St., Milwaukee.  
ADOLPH HEUMANN'S, 2410 Chambers St., Cor. Fourth.  
ROBERT BUECH, 1401 Villet St., Milwaukee.  
JOHN DOERFLER, 701 Winnebago Street.  
JACOB HUNGER, 318 State St., Milwaukee.

**What the Socialists stand for in Wisconsin.**  
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**"THERE'S MILLIONS IN IT!"**  
BUT THE TRADES COUNCIL COULD NOT BE TEMPTED.  
The big elk's carnivals and the like have been worked to death all over the country, and now that they are played out, the showmen who promote them are turning their eyes toward the labor bodies. Seductive visions of thousands of dollars profit (\$40,000 profit, at least!) from the labor carnival that would bring thousands of dollars of trade to the stores and make a harvest for the street car company, were held up before the delegates at the Trades Council meeting Wednesday evening by one of the traveling promoters, but a little sober thought brought the members back to earth, and they refused by a vote of 62 to 30, Bro. A. Britton of Omaha, in the city to attend the big "Machinists' convention," addressed the meeting in favor of the Union Pacific strike and urged financial assistance from the unions for the meritorious cause. Donations can be sent to Wm. Griel, Box 190, Omaha, Neb.  
Delegat Arnold of the printers was chairman of the evening and Delegate Weller, vice-chairman. New delegates were seated from the Boot and Shoe Workers, Journeymen Tailors, Musicians, Printing Pressmen, Painters and Decorators, Blacksmiths No. 77, Clothing Cutters, Brewery Workers, Feeders, Helpers and Job Pressmen, Bookbinders, Theatrical Stage Hands, and Tile Layers and Steel Metal Workers, Amalgamated Grocer Michaels of Greenfield and American avenues, who was put on the unfair list, and reported conference with the unfair Atlas bakery. He recom-

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The trust question is a national question, but in state affairs also the Social Democratic party stands for every radical change that will bring more wealth, more culture and more safety to the masses of the people. The Social Democratic party believes in self-government for cities; in a just and equitable taxation, and in the highest development of a reasonable public service. We also demand better legislation for the protection of life and limb in factories and mines, the public ownership of public utilities as a fact and not as a mere phrase, and protection against hardship and misery in old age—not as a charity, but as a right. If we get the political power in this state, we will carry out these and other social reforms.  
But we call attention to the fact that the measures we urge are in no way a cure for all the existing evils, for we are all Socialists in this sense: we are all viewed rather as mere palliatives, capable of being carried out even under the present conditions. Under no cir-

**What the Socialists stand for in Wisconsin.**  
The Social Democratic party is the American expression of the international movement of modern wage workers for better food, better houses, sufficient sleep, more leisure, more education and more culture. Those who work with hands and brain are the producers of all wealth, but as laws are now made in the interests of property and the men who own property, the rights of the workers are ignored, although they are in the great majority.  
Electricity, steam and many modern inventions have struck the death blow at production on a small scale. Production on the largest scale makes monopoly a necessary condition. Monopoly is here, whether we wish it or not.  
The question is only whether it shall be a public or private monopoly.  
The Social Democratic party demands that the production of this country shall be taken away from the control of a small number of irresponsible men whose only aim is to exploit us to the limit of our endurance.  
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The State of Wisconsin, to the said defendant: You are hereby summoned to appear with in twenty days after service of this summons, exclusive of the day of service, and defend the above entitled action in the court aforesaid; and in case of your failure to do so judgment will be rendered against you according to the demand of the complaint, of which a copy is herewith served upon you.  
RICHARD ELSNER, Plaintiff's Attorney.  
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IV. HEALTH AND HYGIENE. Practical Lessons from a Common-Sense School of Medicine. The Prevention and Cure of Disease by Natural Remedies.  
IT TEACHES: That poisons are not remedies. That symptoms and pains are not the disease, but only the messengers bringing warning of the disease to the brain; that to silence the messengers and leave the disease unchecked is folly. That prevention is better than cure; that the great elements of prevention are: knowledge of self; cleanliness, physical as well as moral and mental; hygiene and sanitation. That mind and thought have their influence on bodily health no less than physical and material conditions. A healthy body needs a healthy mind, and a healthy mind makes a healthy body. Dr. Greer's book treats of all the topics and theories connected with the health of mind and body. "Investigate all things; hold on to that which is good." is the author's motto. Follow the teachings of wise Mother Nature. The chapters on Child-culture and Education are sure to have a beneficial effect on the well-being of future generations, and the earnest warnings against unnecessary surgical operations add not a little to the value of a volume which can work only good to those who follow its teachings.  
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Comrade Debs is Labor's most eloquent Orator in America. This feature alone is worth coming hundreds of miles.

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Are you going to be with us? We will entertain you royally and promise you a "fine time."  
"You'll miss half your life" if you miss this Ball. Let us shake hands with you TO-NIGHT, Comrades. It's the  
**Grand May Ball** given by the **Eight Ward Branch, S. D. P.**  
At UTECH'S HALL, Ninth and Greenfield Avenues,  
SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 9th, 1903, we are talking about. "44  
ADMISSION 15 CENTS if Tickets are bought from Members, 25 CENTS AT THE DOOR.

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**FIRST GRAND MAY BALL,**  
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**11th Ward Branch Social Dem. Party of Wisconsin,**  
For the Benefit of the Social Democratic Orchestra,  
At UTECH'S HALL, Corner Ninth and Greenfield Avenues,  
**Saturday Evening, May 16th, 1903.**  
Music Furnished by the Social Democratic Orchestra. "45  
Tickets 15 Cents. At the Door 25 Cents. Ladies Accompanied by Gents Free.  
CROWNING OF THE MAY QUEEN.

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**Pabst Park**  
Season 1903.

**TOWN TOPICS**  
BY THE  
**TOWN CRIER**

The big international machinists' convention in session in Milwaukee has brought to the city some of the finest and most staunch representatives of the workers it has ever been our pleasure to meet. One can glow with hope and anticipation for the triumph of labor and its rise to power, when it sends to its legislative conventions such a splendid body of men.

Gertrude Breslau Hunt, of Chicago addressed an appreciative audience at National Hall, Sunday, May 3, on "Why Women should be Socialists." A large crowd of men and women listened with absorbed interest to Comrade Hunt's vivid description of the evils of the present industrial system, and its cruel effect on men, women and children. Many women in the audience were moved to tears at her account of the child labor system in the velvet and cotton mills of the south, especially when the speaker called a little child of seven years from the audience to show the size of children who, even at an earlier age, toil from 6 a. m. to 6 p. m. in these factories. Mrs. Hunt's characterization of the woman who remains oblivious of these evils and "is not interested in politics," was highly humorous. An instructive feature of the address was the lecturer's account of what she had personally seen of the meining and mutilating of workmen while she was employed on damage cases, especially of the brutal treatment of the Illinois Steel Works towards their employees, and the secrecy with which cases of death from injuries were concealed from the public.

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Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Optical Goods.  
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This was the last of the course of lectures under the auspices of the Eighth and Fifth Ward branches. They have all been interesting and well-attended and the course will be resumed next winter.

From March 31, 1902, to March 31 of the present year the Wisconsin State Federation of Labor increased its membership from 81 unions to 113 unions. It has been wide awake in all matters affecting the interests of those who toil and has been especially active in the matter of legislation, seeking to get laws enacted for labor's benefit and to prevent anti-labor laws from being enacted. This paper congratulates the state federation on its splendid work.

But now comes the editor of the Beloit Labor Journal, a man with a "record," by the way, and makes a vicious attack on the Federation and its officers. He makes the stupid charge that "the system on which it has been run is such that every year sees the number of unions decrease instead of increase." How's that for outright falsehood! "We need realists, not air castles," says the Journal. "A worker instead of an ornament at Madison," which is simply a mean slander on State Secy. Brockhausen and the work he has been doing at the state legislature. The Journal is a grafter's sheet that misleads laboring men and uses its influence to send labor politicians to Madison to support corporation lawyers like Spooner for the U. S. Senate. The thing that really bothers its editor is that the state organization is clean and its officers are not in the market.

**MILWAUKEE CENTRAL COMMITTEE'S NEW OFFICERS.**

For a comparatively short session a good deal of business was transacted at last Monday's Milwaukee central committee meeting. Enthusiastic reports from the picnic sub-committees evoked applause and impressed the delegates with the fact of its bigness. Preparations for the parade of branches and unions are getting on finely. A hand-drawn portrait of Ferdinand Lassalle, made by Comrade Moser, was purchased and stood facing those present all the evening, adding to the inspiration of the occasion. Comrades Seidel, Elsner and Russell were appointed to effect the needed reorganization in the Twenty-first ward. Comrades Miller, Warshaw and Burmeister were named to canvas the referendum vote on the by-laws. This vote has been tabulated by Secy. Melius, the totals being as follows: Art. I, Sec. 1—years 213, noes 0. Art. II, Sec. 1—years 207, noes 18. Section 2—years 196, noes 28. Section 3—years 225, noes 0. Section 4—years 225, noes 0. Section 5—years 211, noes 14. Section 6—years 220, noes 1. Section 7—years 221, noes 0. Section 8—years 211, noes 10. Section 2—years 212, noes 9. Art. IV, sec. 1—years 199, noes 22. Section 2—years 168, noes 31. Section 3—years 202, noes 10. Art. V, sec. 1—years 221, noes 0. Section 2—years 209, noes 0. Section 3—years 220, noes 1. Art. VI, sec. 1—years 169, noes 10. Art. VII, sec. 1—years 220, noes 0. Section 2—years 211, noes 10. Section 3—years 211, noes 10.  
Election of officers resulted as follows: Secretary, E. T. Melius, Treasurer, Jacob Hunger, Financial secy., Gaston Hartmann. Executive committee, Heath, Berger, Baech, and the others. Trustees for Social Democratic Herald, Rooney, Burmeister, Melius, Young, Historius, Comrades Hartmann, Burmeister and Wachtel were appointed to revise the financial secretary's books.

**MILWAUKEE BRANCHES.**

FIRST WARD BRANCH meets every second Tuesday in the month at 8 p. m. at 862 Market street. Richard L. Schmitt 836 North Water street, Secretary.  
SECOND WARD BRANCH meets every third Friday of the month, corner Fourth and Chestnut streets, Fritz Koll, 344 Eleventh street, Secretary.  
THE FOURTH WARD BRANCH meets each first and third Thursday at 428 Fowler street. B. H. Helmig, Jr., Secretary.  
FIFTH WARD BRANCH meets every first and third Sunday, 2:30 p. m., at National hall, National avenue and Grove street. Thomas Reynolds, 432 Clinton street, Secretary.  
SIXTH WARD BRANCH meets every second Wednesday at 8 p. m., at 504 Fourth street. F. Ramsthal, 709 Booth street, Secretary.  
SEVENTH WARD BRANCH meets second and fourth Thursday evenings of the month at Groves' Hall 524 East Water street. W. H. Stalz, 503 Broadway, Secretary.  
EIGHTH WARD BRANCH meets every first and third Sunday, 2:30 p. m., at

National hall, National avenue and Grove street. John Knudson, Secretary, 455 Fifth avenue.

NINTH WARD BRANCH meets every first and third Thursday of the month at 453 Eleventh street. Ed. Berner, Secretary, 1315 Kneeland street.

TENTH WARD BRANCH meets on the first and third Friday of the month at Bahn Frei Turner hall, Twelfth and North avenue. Carl P. Dietz, Sec'y, 847 Ninth st.

ELEVENTH WARD BRANCH meets every fourth Friday at Krosklog's hall, corner Ninth avenue and Orchard street. F. W. Rehfeld, 484 Fifteenth avenue, Secretary.

TWELFTH WARD BRANCH meets first and third Thursdays at 807 Kinickinnick avenue. George Russell, Sec'y, 608 First ave.

THIRTEENTH WARD BRANCH meets every second and fourth Wednesday of the month at 324 Clarke street. Ed. Buenger, 903 Buffum street, Secretary.

FOURTEENTH WARD BRANCH meets last Sunday in month at 790 Forest Home avenue. Ole Oleson, 790 Forest Home avenue, Secretary.

FIFTEENTH WARD BRANCH meets every first and third Thursday at 1629 Vliet street. C. Zainer, Secretary, 1812 Cold Spring avenue.

SIXTEENTH WARD BRANCH meets first and third Thursdays. Jerome Underhill, Secretary, 38 Twenty-ninth street.

SEVENTEENTH WARD BRANCH meets second and fourth Wednesdays at Old Fellows' hall, Kinickinnick and Potter avenues. Edw. Belldorf, Secretary, 250 Burrell street.

EIGHTEENTH WARD BRANCH meets second and fourth Friday evenings at 487 Cramer street, corner of Green-wich street. Thos. E. Hogg, Secretary, 487 Cramer street.

NINETEENTH WARD BRANCH meets every second and fourth Wednesday in the month in Meixner's hall, corner Twenty-seventh and Vliet streets. Louis Baier, Secretary, 558 Twenty-ninth street.

TWENTIETH WARD BRANCH meets every first and third Thursday of the month in Folkman's hall, corner Twenty-first and Center streets. C. Wiesel, Secretary, 1224 Twenty-second street.

TWENTY-SECOND WARD BRANCH meets every first and third Friday of each month at Reichert's hall, Thirty-fifth street and North avenue. George Moersdel, Secretary, 217 Thirty-seventh street.

TWENTY-THIRD WARD BRANCH meets every first and third Friday at Bresenmeister's hall, 421 Thirteenth ave. cor. Washington. E. W. Clarke, Secretary, 605 Oakland ave.

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**OUR SPECIALTY.**  
THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT,  
THE FINEST QUALITY,  
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Standard Crowns and Bridge Teeth... \$5.00  
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Hours—8:30 to 6; Sunday, 9 to 12.  
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Our smart handsome Spring Suits are decidedly well bred -- and you can call them "Clothes of Quality" for they certainly contain all the qualities appreciated by good dressers.

The Suits have not been out of the makers hands long enough to loose their bloom of freshness. Splendid time to make your selection.

Prices to please. \$7.50 to \$20.00.

We sell the best \$2.00 and \$3.00 soft and stiff HATS in town, Spring 1903.

**GOOD CLOTHES FOR BOYS**  
\$2.00 to \$7.50.  
JUST A LITTLE BETTER FOR A LITTLE LESS.  
**Lachenmaier & Co.**  
CORNER THIRD AND STATE STREETS.

**Grand May Ball**  
OF THE 22nd WARD BRANCH.  
— AT —  
**REICHERT'S HALL,**  
Cor. 35th & North Ave.  
Saturday, May 16, 1903.  
Admission 10c. Ladies free.

POLISH BRANCH meets first and third Sundays, 2 o'clock in the afternoon, at Bonzel's hall, 777 Seventh avenue.  
THE CITY CENTRAL COMMITTEE meets every first Monday evening of the month at Kaber's hall, 208 Fourth street. E. T. Melius, Secretary, 6203 Lapham street; Jacob Hunger, Treasurer, 602 Chestnut street.  
STATE EXECUTIVE BOARD—State Secretary, E. H. Thomas, 614 State street, Milwaukee, Wis.  
NATIONAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE—Win. Malloy, Secretary, Rooms 9-11 Arlington Block, Omaha, Neb.  
State Secretaries.  
California—Edgar B. Helphing- stine, 339 S. Flower street, Los An- geles.  
Colorado—J. W. Martin, 3341 Quit- man street, Denver.  
Connecticut—W. E. White, Box 45, New Haven.  
Florida—W. R. Healy, Longwood.  
Idaho—A. M. Slatery, St. Anthony.  
Illinois—Jas. S. Smith, 181 Wash- ington street, Chicago.  
Indiana—James Omeal, 16 S. Fifth street, Terre Haute.  
Iowa—W. A. Jacobs, 216 E. Sixth street, Davenport.  
Kansas—Emmet V. Hoffman, En- terprise.  
Kentucky—J. M. Hial, 331 Scott street, Covington.  
Maine—Fred. E. Irish, 11 Free street, Portland.  
Massachusetts—Dan. A. White, 907 Winthrop Building, Boston.  
Michigan—J. A. C. Menton, 1315 Saginaw street, Flint.  
Minnesota—S. M. Holman, 45 S. Fourth street, Minneapolis.  
Missouri—Caleb Liscumb, Liberal.  
Montana—Dr. G. A. Willett, Thompson Block, Helena.  
Nebraska—J. P. Roe, 519 N. Six- teenth street, Omaha, Acting Sec'y.  
New Hampshire—Louis Arnein, 18 Watson street, Dover.  
New Jersey—H. R. Kearns, 436 Devon street, Arlington.  
New York—Henry L. Slabodin, 64 East Fourth street, New York City.  
North Dakota—A. Bassett, Fargo.  
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Oklahoma—W. H. Sweet, Medford.  
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Pennsylvania—Fred. W. Long, 1305 Arch street, Philadelphia.  
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